

"Oh! We'll, it's about the size of that one," pointing out a stove close by.
 "Is it of the same make as that one?"
 "No. I bought it in Louisville two or three years ago."

23. "I s'pose so. There's where I got it."
"Well, I don't know what kind of back
you want until I know the name, number
and maker of your store. You see there

"When you go home look over your store, and get the name and number, and then I'll be in a tick if with a buck."

"Yes, I will, and I'll send you one of 'em for a week or two. You lay be cash trucking in again."

"Hello! Jake," he cried, have you got that name and buck for me yet?"

"No! I ain't, but I can't bring me the name and number of your store."

"Hanged if I don't forget it!" he exclaimed. But I'll send it in dinner and supper."

"That evening he came in again, and said it was a number seven store."

"But who is the maker?" I asked.

"No! I ain't got no name," he replied.

"You must be mistaken," I said.

"His name's named on all stores."

"None on mine," he asserted, "for I look on mine."

"Nothing was left but for me to look for my illustrated catalogues of store manufacturers, and at last I found one in which I saw that he said was his store identically."

"As he had bought his store in Lonsdale, and recognized the picture as the mine, I thought of course it was all right. I then wrote him I would send you a buck by the next express, having none

[illegible]

"I'm not receiving a word about it," he said, "and I'm sure that's the case. I usually believe that he was telling the truth, and so sent my man up to his house to see about it. Sure enough it didn't fit, and I'm sure of that, too. I've examined the axe, which was now so far gone to be repaired, and found that it was made in St. Louis. He brought the axe from the place where he had been made in St. Louis. The gentleman forgave me for wanting him to pay for that he had no use for, and in a short while, when compelled to explain his conduct, he said he was sent to a rival store and bought it rather than due to me."
 "I shall always keep that store-back to remember him by. I call it Mr. Miller's axe."
 "Well, that's quite a story of a store-keeper, Mr. Miller," said our commissioner, "so please tell us where the tharf part is."
 "The tharf part?"
 "Yes, you know, I want to find out how present protective tharf system affects the tharf part."
 "Hanged if I can tell you," he said.
 "My boy, it's a fact; but I don't know more about it than that a hog does more harm than a tharf part."
 "Hog?"
 "Hog?"

Then you——"
"Good day, you've pumped me dry, I'm some other time when you haven't come to stay. Ta-ta!"
And thus ended our first effort to obtain available political information from a prominent business man.
We will tackle Bill Smart, of the dry department next, and hope for better results.

'THAT THEIVING TARIFF.'

Madisonville Times.

Last Wednesday a home-spun looking fellow stepped into the post-office, and hid his head under the general delivery window and in a tone that indicated concern, said to Virgil Bacon, the assistant postmaster:

"Am I the postmaster?"

"Am I the snail," replied that facetious

“As. Wall wats a one cent postal card cost?”

“One cent, of course sir,” said Virgil, haughtily.

“Yes. Wall, 'sposin' a feller takes a nickel's wuf. Yer'll give him six, 't'yer?”

“As. sir, postal cards are not sold like candy.”

“Yes, but see here, young fellow, I does my tradin' of this kind with yer and I kum yer order drop a leetle when a feller 'com in big lots.”

“Can't make any deduction, sir,” put in Clerk, roughly, “the general government regulates the price and I can't deviate from it at all.”

“Yes. Wall give ma five of the gold sized things, anyhow. Guess 'tain't no other ay 'n' law the government long as they got a monopoly of the business. Hiss

as furernars from glittin' a show at the
Hanonforh and forever, I'm fur free
in' and soldiars righta, and don't you
it it."

